That calculat'st of many things to come:
Who by a power repleat with heauenly gift,
Canst blab the counsell of thy Makers will.
If fame be true, or truth be wrong'd by thee,
Decide in cyphering, what these fiue Moones
Portend this clime, if they presage at all.
Breath out thy gift, and if I liue to see
Thy diuination take a true effect,
Ile honour thee aboue all earthly men.

Pet. The skye wherein these Moones haue residence,
Presenteth Rome the great *Metropolis*,
Where sits the Pope in all his holy pompe.
Foure of the moones present foure prouinces,
To wit, Spaine, Denmarke, Germanie, and France,
That beare the yoke of proud commanding Rome,
And stand in feare to tempt the Prelates curse.
The smallest moone that whirles about the rest,
Impatient of the place he holds with them,
Doth figure forth this Island Albion,
Who gins to scorne the sea and seat of Rome,
And seekes to shun the Edicts of the Pope:
This showes the heauen, and this I doe auerre
Is figured in the apparitions.

Ioh. Why then it seemes the heauens smile on vs,
Giuing applause for leauing of the Pope.
But for they chance in our Meridian,
Doe they effect no priuate growing ill
To be inflicted on vs in this clime?

Pet. The moones effect no more than what I said:
But on some other knowledge that I haue
By my prescience, ere Ascension day
Haue brought the Sunne vnto his vsuall height,
Of Crowne, Estate, and Royall dignity,
Thou shalt be cleane dispoyl'd and dispossest.

Ioh. False dreamer, perish with thy witched newes,
Villaine thou woundst me with thy fallacies:
If it be true, die for thy tidings price;

If false, for fearing me with vaine sup
Hence with the Witch, hels damned
Locke him vp sure, for by my faith I
True or not true, the Wizard shall no
Before ascension day: who should be
Cut off the cause, and then the effect
Tut, tut, my mercy serues to maime
The roote doth liue from whence the
I and my promise past for his deliuer
Frowne friends, faile faith, the diuell
The brat shall dye that terrifies me t
Pembrooke and *Essex*, I recall my grau
I will not buy your fauours with my
Nay murmur not, my will is law enc
I loue you well, but if I lou'd you bet
I would not buy it with my disconte

Enter Hubert.

How now what newes with thee?

Hub. According to your highnesse
Young *Arthurs* eyes are blinded and

Ioh. Why so, then he may feele the

Hub. Nor see nor feele, for of the
Within one houre gaue he vp the ghe

Ioh. What, is he dead?

Hub. He is my Lord.

Ioh. Then with him dies my cares

Essex. Now ioy betide thy soule.

Pemb. And heauens reuenge thy d

Essex. VVhat haue you done my
A deed of more inhumane consequen
Your foes will curse, your friends wil
Vnkindly rage more rough then No
To clip the beauty of so sweet a flow
VVhat hope in vs for mercy on a fa
VVhen Kinsman dyes without impe
As you haue done so come to cheere
The guilt shall neuer be cast in my te

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King John* (STC 14647) LONDON, 1622 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3731)